

RAILWAY LOBBY  
SEEN IN FIGHT  
TO BEAT WOMEN

Alice Paul Charges Louis-  
ville Road With Anti-  
Suffrage Campaign.

BRANDEGEE ATTACKED

Declare He Influenced  
Change in Attitude of  
Speaker Walker.

(By Universal Service.)

A powerful anti-suffrage lobby, financed and directed by the Louisville and Nashville Railway, is working feverishly to defeat woman suffrage in Tennessee.

This charge was made yesterday by Miss Alice Paul, chairman of the National Woman's Party, declaring that the Louisville and Nashville Railway was owned by a Connecticut holding company, of which Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut, is the chief figure.

"Some of the poor dupes in Nashville," declared Miss Paul, "do not realize that they are victims of a plot to return this bitter anti-suffragist to the Senate this fall. Senator Brandegee has good reason to suspect that if the women of Connecticut have the vote through ratification of the national amendment, they will subject him to an ignominious defeat."

Speaker Changes Attitude.

"Mr. Walker, speaker of the house, is a young attorney who has, on many occasions, given the most fervent assurances that he would support suffrage. Recently he was made an attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railway and the result is the otherwise inexplicable change of attitude evidenced in his message to President Wilson yesterday refusing to support the suffrage amendment."

Miss Paul said that the suffragists believe they now have a majority of five for ratification in the Tennessee house, and are making every endeavor to obtain more before the vote is taken. The house may pass on suffrage tomorrow, and if the amendment fails suffragists will seek to obtain a reconsideration of the measure in the Tennessee legislature.

PONZI TO GIVE BAIL  
FOR SHORT FREEDOM

Boston, Aug. 15.—Loyal Italian friends who continue to believe that Charles Ponzi is the wizard he once appeared, have found for him a new bondsman and the young sensation will be brought from the East Cambridge jail tomorrow morning and released. His present bonds are \$25,000.

Rut, according to the program, the Italian's term of liberty would be short. The State immediately will confront him with fifty-three new complaints on which he will be re-arrested.

Despite the boast of Ponzi yesterday that he would be out by night and would pass Sunday "motoring with his wife in his new limousine," the wizard remained in his cell.

- Darkness!
- Fast Trolley.
- Chevy Chase Line.
- Bad boys.
- Fresh Eggs.
- Good shot.
- Lavender dress.
- Two women.
- Saturday night.
- Still "Investigating."
- Onlookers.
- Still Laughing.

TENNESSEE SUFFRAGE SESSION, FIRST PICTURES



Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 15.—Here is the first photograph of the Tennessee House of Representatives in the special suffrage session, which will become historic if it ratifies the suffrage amendment, as expected. This will complete ratification, giving the women of the entire nation the vote this fall.

On the left is a close-up of Speaker Seth M. Walker, of the House (also indicated by arrow in large photo), snapped as he was presiding over the suffrage session.

Right, Speaker A. L. Todd, of the Tennessee Senate, caught by the camera, gavel in hand, at the upper body's special session. The Senate passed the ratification measure by the overwhelming vote of 25 to 4, and sent it on to the House for action.

SOVIET PLOTS  
BOMB TERRORS

American Agents Reveal  
Red Plan for Extensive  
Campaign.

Details of plots of the Soviet government to foment economic discord in the United States this fall and winter, including burnings and dynamiting of factories, are in possession of the intelligence branches of this government, it was learned yesterday.

President Wilson may take occasion to make public some of the horrors planned by the Bolsheviks, it is predicted, as a preliminary to outlining steps to be taken by this government in helping Poland beat back the Red menace.

The Soviet terrorism intended for the United States is duplicated in plots against the peace of England, France and Italy. All are intended by the Bolsheviks as a new drive to upset existing governments and replace them with world revolution.

The drive against Poland is one step in this plan of Lenin and Trotsky, who now are engaged in a final effort to keep their group in power, according to private reports here.

MRS. PONZI'S MONEY  
COMES UNDER PROBE

Boston, Aug. 14.—United States authorities prepared today to investigate large sums of money which are alleged to have been transferred by Charles Ponzi to the bank account of his wife.

Edwin L. Pridie, who is going over Ponzi's accounts, said he believed a good part of the millions with which Ponzi operated were deposited under the name of Mrs. Ponzi and others.

Yesterday during the exercise period Ponzi stood and chatted with thugs, yeggs, housebreakers and other members of the prison community.

LOUISVILLE PAPERS  
BOOSTED TO 3 CENTS

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 15.—Beginning tomorrow the Daily Courier-Journal, Herald, Times, and Evening Post will increase their price to 3 cents. They formerly sold at 2.

well dressed in the prevailing Eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking a distance of three squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's Clothing Emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National Bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked; never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for business at 9, and the working force was already assembled, each member preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til 9," he remarked curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashier drew the small, spotless pavalloleogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK  
National Bank Examiner

"Oh—er—will you walk around inside, Mr.—er—Nettlewick. Your first visit—didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier—a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the Comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in Southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please."

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling motion, counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musicians upon the keys of a piano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickel and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda—certain checks, charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work—with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly-imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars, and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a tired kind of way, and then go into the vault and kick over a few sacks of silver, and the thing was done. Halves and quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. "No chicken feed for me,"

Dance "Back to Nature Tango"  
In One-Piece Bathing Suit on  
Race Course at Paris Resort

Deauville, France, Aug. 15.—In an orgy of gambling, dancing and champagne drinking unsurpassed in the records of even this "modern Babylon," Deauville's second great week-ended tonight. A crowd, estimated at 150,000, including society stars and satellites of two hemispheres, watched the running of the Deauville Grande Prix, the second most important race in France, and known as the "millionaire's special," owing to the fact that since its inauguration it has never been won by a horse not owned by a millionaire.

Excepting the Vanderbilts, the only conspicuous absentee was the American Ambassador, Wallace, who defied social convention by spending August elsewhere.

Old Wife and New Neighbors.

The remainder of the Anglo-French-American were present, however, and in such a crush that Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, the second, spent the whole afternoon in a box quite unaware of the presence in an adjoining box of Mrs. Peter Hewitt, first. The great sensation of the day was Mme. Spinelly, attired in a gown made in New York. Called the most daring dresser in Europe she added to the sensation when she declared Fifth avenue to be more chic than Rue de la Paix.

The second sensation of the day was the appearance of girls belonging to the Paris younger set, attired in one-piece bathing suits and defying convention with the argument: "If it's moral to wear them on the beach, half a mile away, it is moral to wear them here."

Bathing Girls There.

Between the races the course was alive with gay tangoing men and women. Finally the stewards, at a hastily called meeting, ordered the track cleared, saying it was not a "dance hall."

Peggy Marsh, who it is understood has given up all hope of getting a share in the millions of the late Chicago merchant prince, attended in a white jersey and in white bearskin hat. She was stockinged.

After the races the usual "twilight trot" was indulged in by hundreds attired in one-piece bathing suits.

The management of the resort definitely refused to interfere, saying: "People come here for amusement and happiness and not to be hampered by petty restrictions."

JAILER HIDES  
MAN FROM MOB

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 15.—After an early morning attack on the jail by a mob of over 300, Robert Williams, colored, charged with criminal assault on Miss Annie Ross, was spirited to Roanoke today.

The mob was met at the jail gate by Jailer Tyree and a few policemen.

"We want Williams," yelled the leader, who had a handkerchief around his face to conceal his identity.

"You'll play h— getting him," retorted one of the officers who, with a quick jerk, pulled the handkerchief away, revealing a prominent citizen of Lynchburg.

The officer then showed the man through the jail gate and he was lodged in the same cell from which the negro had been removed a few minutes before.

Another member of the mob was arrested a few minutes later. It then broke up.

Governor Cox  
Is "Pinched" on  
Speeding Charge

(By Universal Service.)

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 15.—Gov. James M. Cox, Democratic nominee for President, was "pinched" on a speeding charge on his return by motor from Wheeling today—that is, motorcycle policemen tried to "pinch" him, but the governor declined to be taken to the hoosegow.

Three other boys who had gone inside the barn were stunned. One of them had not regained consciousness late last night.

The boys had been fishing in a nearby creek and ran for shelter when they saw the storm gathering.

TRUNK MURDER  
SLAYER MAY BE  
IN HIDING HERE

Detroit Detective in D. C. to  
Seek Trail of Missing  
James Leroy.

WILL QUIZ LANDLADY

Almost Positive Proof That  
Suspect Was in City  
After Crime.

Balked in their efforts in other cities to trace the whereabouts of James Leroy, Detroit police yesterday again turned their attention to Washington in an effort to locate the man who is believed to have murdered his wife and to have shipped her badly dismembered body in a trunk to New York City.

Detective Sergeant Haig, of the Detroit homicide squad, paid Washington a flying visit last night. He conferred with Acting Lieut. of Detectives Fred Cornwell and the two went carefully over the mass of accumulated data, which seemed to indicate that Leroy was in Washington for several days after the date of the murder of his wife.

To Stay Here Indefinitely.

Sergeant Haig was not entirely dissatisfied with what he learned here, as indicated when he secured rooms at the Raleigh Hotel and prepared for an indefinite stay. To-day he will make an effort to find out where Leroy stayed while in this city. It is barely possible he may have left some inkling as to where he was going.

He will visit the boarding house at 800 Twelfth street northwest, where a trunk from Detroit was received but turned back by Mrs. C. L. Johnson, who suspected that the trunk might contain a body. Police have not since been able to locate the trunk.

A. M. McAllister, proprietor of the photographic store under the National Theater, who is certain Leroy paid his store a visit to have some pictures developed, gave a description of the supposed Leroy which tallied almost exactly with the description given by acquaintances of the hunted man.

Gave Tip to Police.

It was McAllister who gave the police their first knowledge that Leroy had been in this city and might be in hiding here. When Leroy visited the photographic store he gave his name as Ernesto Fernandez, the name which was also given by a suspect in Mexico. Haig stated last night that he did not believe that Leroy was in Mexico.

New York, Aug. 15.—After wounding his wife and their pretty daughter, who passed as sisters, Emil Coudry, 44 years old, employed in the Customs House, early today continued to fire shots at them as he chased them through the apartment of a friend, down four flights of stairs and into the street. He roused them from sleep to shoot them.

The daughter, Mary, 21 years old, is dying in St. Vincent's Hospital. She was wounded in the right jaw and a second bullet entered her abdomen. The mother, Catherine, 42 years old, had the lobe of her right ear shot away.

"I couldn't stand my wife's actions any more and I planned to end it all," said Coudry when locked up in the Charles street police station. "After killing Catherine I had planned to shoot myself."

Mrs. Coudry ascribed her husband's actions to jealousy. "He was very suspicious," she said. "Of course nothing is true he accused us of. Mary and I, it is true, dressed alike, and were taken many times for sisters."

The shooting started in Coudry's apartment in Greenwich Village. As Coudry raced about the building, firing his pistol and breaking down a door of an apartment into which his wife and daughter fled, 100 persons living in the building were aroused.

WAKES WOMEN  
TO SHOOT THEM

Jealous Husband Chases  
Wife and Daughter, Firing  
as They Flee.

Four Walter Reed Men  
Make Break for Freedom.  
Two Return.

Four prisoners of the Walter Reed Hospital guardhouse overpowered the guard, Private Joseph Sparany, last night, by knocking him unconscious with a sock filled with soap, took his rifle and five rounds of ammunition and made a dash for freedom.

Two of the four men, Philip Albright and Francis Collins, became frightened at what they had done and returned to the guardhouse half an hour later. The two other men, Charles Rohrig and Harvey Coyle, continued their flight. It is thought that they will try to make their way to New York. All four of the men were dressed in fatigue clothes.

Rohrig and Coyle had been acting rather surly for several days, according to one of the guards on duty last night. Both of the men had threatened brazenly to "go over the hill some of these days," but their declarations had not been taken seriously by their comrade guards.

Rohrig and Coyle had both served two months of a six months' sentence.

SOLDIERS CLUB  
GUARD; ESCAPE

Two Boys Killed  
BY LIGHTNING BOLT

Danville, Va., Aug. 15.—Standing for shelter under the eaves of a tobacco barn, Jasper Sigman and Floyd Adams, 14-year-old school boys, were struck by lightning and instantly killed near this city this afternoon.

Three other boys who had gone inside the barn were stunned. One of them had not regained consciousness late last night.

The boys had been fishing in a nearby creek and ran for shelter when they saw the storm gathering.

Trotsky Directs  
Troops at Front

SOLDAU FALLS  
IN DESPERATE  
WARSAW SEIGE



Copyright, 1920, Underwood & Underwood.

LEON TROTSKY.

A new photo just arrived in the United States of Russian Soviet minister of war, who has arrived at the front near Bialystok, Poland, to direct the Red drive in Warsaw.

Warsaw, via Paris, Aug. 15.—Soldau has fallen to the Reds. A battle is raging on a fifty-mile front for the possession of Warsaw.

The Soviet forces have made a gain of two kilometers on a wide sector. The northeastern defenses are reported to have fallen early this morning. The Soviet outposts are only fourteen miles away at one point.

It is admitted that the city is doomed, though it is expected that the great battle will continue for another twenty-four hours.

Paris, Aug. 15.—The Polish delegation in Paris admitted to Universal Service today that although the peace delegation is en route to the scene of the peace conference, parleys are not expected for several days, owing to the fact that the Polish armies are now regrouped under the direction of Gen. Maxime Weyand, chief of the French mission, and in a position to make a strong counter offensive, the result of which may materially effect the peace terms.

This is the first admission that Weyand is actually directing the Polish army. Military critics expressed surprise when informed of the Polish statement, pointing out that the claims of the Poles that the Soviets had delayed the conference had fallen to the ground.

LIQUOR SHIPS  
RUN BLOCKADE

Vessels Camouflaged in  
Many Colors Operating  
Off Atlantic Coast.

(By Universal Service.)

Blockade runners in sea-gray and camouflaged hosts are operating off the Atlantic coast with all the thrills and romance of civil war days. Only they are bringing in liquor instead of war supplies, according to assistants of Prohibition Commissioner Kramer.

So stupendous is the task of patrolling the coast that according to the commissioner's office, it can only be made effective by an appropriation vastly in excess of the one now at his command.

Many of the blockade runners are operating between Cuba, the Bahamas Islands and the vast wilderness of the Florida Everglades, and Keys. On almost inaccessible islands are great caches from which liquor for the bootlegging market is drawn.

Recently six ships were fired at a submarine returning from Cuban waters at dawn before the commanding officer could persuade the revenue cutter that he was not a bootlegger.

A boat loaded with liquor, captured not far from Key West a few days ago, contained whisky, and champagne that would have realized approximately \$2,000.

LAST WARNING  
TO DESERTERS

Names of Draft Dodgers to  
Be Printed Unless They  
Ask for Status.

(Public Ledger Service.)

The final warning of the War Department to draft deserters prior to the publication of the names of those so classified was issued yesterday. An opportunity will be given all registrants to write to the Adjutant General of the army and determine their status, but the announcement states that such a request will not excuse any person from prosecution.

The number of draft deserters has been reduced, it is said, from an apparent total of 200,000 to 173,911. The higher figure originally was due to the fact that men who had enlisted after registration; those who absented themselves for a while and were restored to duty; those who received physical disability discharges and men who died after registering were at first included.

The resultant figure shows that less than 1 per cent of the total registration, a much smaller percentage than in the civil war drafts, failed to report for service.

Draft deserters technically are men who registered and who were ordered by the draft authorities to report for military duty at a specified time and place, and who did not so report.

Another class being sought by the government is made up of draft delinquents, men who were required by law to register, but who failed to do so; or who, although they registered as required, failed to report for physical examination, or failed to return properly executed questionnaires. Efforts to bring these men to justice, authorities say, will be as intense as those directed against draft deserters.

The payment of the \$50 reward for the apprehension and delivery of draft deserters has been temporarily suspended.

COL. HOUSE AT DINNER  
WITH BELGIAN KING

(Washington Herald-Public Ledger Service—Special Cable Dispatch.)

Brussels, Aug. 17.—Col. and Mrs. E. M. House and Ambassador and Mrs. Brand Whitlock dined with the King and Queen of the Belgians at the royal palace last night.

FRIENDS IN SAN ROSARIO

THE west-bound stopped at San Rosario on time at 8:20 A. M. A man with a thick black-leather wallet under his arm left the train and walked rapidly up the main street of the town. There were other passengers who also got off at San Rosario, but they either slouched limberly over to the railroad eating-house or the Silver Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of idlers about the station.

Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet. He was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely-trimmed hair, olive, determined face, and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing Eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking a distance of three squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's Clothing Emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National Bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked; never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for business at 9, and the working force was already assembled, each member preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open 'til 9," he remarked curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashier drew the small, spotless pavalloleogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK  
National Bank Examiner

"Oh—er—will you walk around inside, Mr.—er—Nettlewick. Your first visit—didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier—a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the Comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in Southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please."

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling motion, counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musicians upon the keys of a piano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickel and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda—certain checks, charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work—with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly-imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars, and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a tired kind of way, and then go into the vault and kick over a few sacks of silver, and the thing was done. Halves and quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. "No chicken feed for me,"

"Embezzle for him \$70,000 worth of securities."

By O. HENRY

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.